

ABRADATES

AND

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PANTHEA.

A

BRITISH

T A L E,

This first publication of the AUTHOR

Extracted from XENOPHON.

K.

By WILLIAM WITHER BEACH, Esq;
OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possint;
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. VIRG.

Tοι μάται περι τον Αβραδάτον καὶ την Πανθεάν τον, "εἴδε τοι καὶ πανθεός πολλας τοις οὐδινάς μιαρικάς πλανάνται." HERMOGEN. 1. 2. de form Orat.

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By WILLIAM WITHERS BACH, Esq.
Of New-Castle, Octo. 1711.



Mr. W. W. gives audience to the following
of the British Museum, as it is now called, for
the use of the Royal Society.

To be given up, when it is necessary, to the
Holders of the Royal Society.

W. W. 1711.

Printed by R. COLLINS, for JAMES LINTHICUM, Bookseller
in St. Paul's Church-Yard, London.

ADVER T O ANN
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Lord B R U C E

This first public Essay of the AUTHOR

IS INSCRIBED,

of the Company of Friends of
several members of it, HIS LORDSHIP's
were collected and form MOST OBLIGED

the nobla (noble) and worthy
the original is such, that the Author judged it
fully to attempt a

MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

W. W. BEACH.

THE RIGH^T HONOURABLE

THE LORD BURKE

THIS FULL PUBLIC ESSAY OF THE AUTHOR

IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP

MOST OBLIGED

AND

MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT

W. W. BEACH

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TO THE READER

READER

THE following Tale is extracted from the

Greek of *Xenophon* in his celebrated work of the *Cyropaedia*, or institution of *Cyrus*. The several members of it, as they lay there dispersed, were collected and formed into this regular piece. The noble simplicity and purity of language in the original is such, that the Author judged it folly to attempt a translation of it in prose, and concluded that a poetical imitation only could do it tolerable justice. His minority will bespeak the indulgence of the reader ; tho' neither himself nor friends would presume to obtrude upon the world

what

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what they deemed unworthy the perusal of the public. And indeed so striking are the beauties of this delightful story, as told by the illustrious *Athenian*, and so well calculated for the encouragement of virtue in both sexes, that he can fear no censure for having endeavoured to make it generally useful and entertaining.



ABRADATES and PANTHEA.

A

THIS is the first of the two poems of the author, and is the most interesting.

“ **T**HE raptur’d gazer shall behold no more,

“ Nor e’er a form so lovely view’d before ;

“ From all her aspect, joys immortal rise,

“ Bloom on her cheeks and revel in her eyes ;

“ O *Cyrus*, see this prodigy, and own

“ Thy conquests poor, compar’d with this alone !”

Araspes thus reveal’d the flame that burn’d

Within his breast, and *Cyrus* thus return’d,

“ Thy

B

" Thy glowing speech an ardent passion proves,
 " *Araspes* has already seen and loves : 10
 " But know that *Cyrus* will not tempt his pains,
 " Nor trust a weakness which his soul despairs ;
 " To gain her love exert thy utmost skill,
 " But, O ! forbear to violate the will ;
 " Our good intentions give our arms success, 15
 " For heav'n we fight, and conquer but to bless.

Distress'd *Panthea* ! whom the fates now save
 From death, to mourn a captive and a slave ! T
 The *Victor* yet thy beauteous form to view
 Declines, and fears to be a captive too. 20

Araspes, licens'd, urges now the fair
 From day to day with most assid'ous care ;
 Now sighs submissive, now with *phrenzy* burns,
 A suppliant sues, and menaces by turns ;
 Bids her to mark the difference, where the flow'r 25
 Free-op'ning to the sun embalms the bow'r ;
 And where, while shrunk and joyless in the shade,
 'Tis rudely pluck'd and in dishonour laid.

Alarm'd,

Alarm'd, to *Cyrus* all her fears she sends,
 And to his faith her spotless fame commends. 30
 The youthful *Hero* cou'd with pleasure view
 Virtue's bright sun-shine gild affliction through;
Panthea's rare fidelity ador'd,
 But much the frailty of his friend deplor'd.
 "O fall'n *Araspe!* (said the godlike youth) 35
 "Stain not this mirror of unfailing truth;
 "Let not thy passions thus thy soul enslave,
 "Recall thy manhood, for thou once wast brave;
 "Hie thee to *Craesus*, all our force reveal,
 "And join his councils with pretended zeal; 40
 "By absence and the pow'r of reason's laws
 "Regain thy peace, and serve the common cause."

He bow'd assent: and now through all the host,
 Ran the vain rumour of *Araspe* lost,
 Deserting to the proud *Affyrian's* will. 45
 Through fear of pain and consciousness of ill:

With joy it fill'd the fair *Panthea's* breast,
 Whose lines the *Perian Hero* thus address'd,

"Mourn

" Mourn not this wretch abandon'd and accurs'd ;
 " Who fell from *Cyrus*, fell from virtue first ; 50
 " Grant me to summon my lov'd lord in haste ;
 " The lost *Araspes* shall be well replac'd,
 " And *Cyrus* shall in *Abradates* find,
 " A sacred friendship and a grateful mind. 58
 " Nor thou suppose the quick transition strange,
 " Or charge to lightness this important change : 55
 " 'Tis injury that stirs ; the pointed sting
 " Wounds from the lust of this *Affyrian* king,
 " Whose tyrant passions instigate his aim. 61
 " To cloud the lustre of our hallow'd flame. 60
 " Nor shall he greet thee with professions vain,
 " Or join thy party with an useless train." 62

----He came, and warlike squadrons mark'd his way,
 Two thousand gallant steeds around him neigh :
 Whom *Cyrus* worth his warmest friendship deem'd,
 Rank'd in the number of his most esteem'd. 65

But with what mutual joys their bosoms bu'n'd,
 When his *Pantaea* view'd him thus return'd ;

Entranc'd in ardent and enraptur'd love,
When their hearts leap'd and words for utterance strove, 70
No muse can paint, no language can reveal,
And lovers only after absence feel,
When to each other all their souls they pour,
And with the past compare the present hour.

20

And now *Pantaea* to her lord imparts
The chaste demeanour and the virtuous arts
Of youthful *Cyrus*; forward to disclose,
How much her honour to his goodness owes;
Without whose fears divinely thus appeas'd,
Not *Abjadates*-self, nor life, had pleas'd. 80
" How then (said he) shall we pay back again
" The gifts which bind us to this man of men?"
" One only way (she cry'd) obtains that end;
" To hazard all for this illustrious friend."

Next, to the grand pavilion he repairs, 85

And finds the *Perisan Hero* fill'd with cares,
Whose hand engagingly he seiz'd, and said,
" Here be my thanks, my heart's best off'rинг, paid,

" And here I vow whate'er was done by man,
 " Or friend, or servant and assistant, can." 90
 " Then, as my friend, thrice welcome to my breast,
 (Said *Cyrus*) while his eyes his joy confess'd,
 " Next to thy love be thy affection mine;
 " My hand, my heart, and this pavilion thine." 95
 The *Perfian's* aim, as now his numbers fail,
 Was, by superior reason to prevail,
 By art an easy victory to gain,
 And with arm'd chariots sweep the fatal plain.
 New the design, and while the scheme they try'd
 In all, with *Cyrus Abradates* vy'd : 100
 Beneath his eye an hundred chariots rose,
 Which threaten'd dire perdition to his foes :
 These he wou'd lead in his distinguish'd car,
 Companion and example of the war :
 Four poles extended from the gay machine,
 And twice four sprightly steeds annex'd were seen.

Mean time *Panthea*, from the nuptial vow
 Careful, in all that prudence wou'd allow,

Endearing yet and elegant in all
 For which her careful prudence gave the call,
 A curious plate devis'd to shield his breast,
 And, to protect his head, a glittering crest
 Of burnish'd gold, with glowing gold design'd
 His nervous arms in circling plates to bind.

And now came on the fatal day, that must 115
 Shew proud *Affyria* humbled in the dust ;
 Before his tent the sumptuous chariot stands,
 And silent numbers wait his high commands.
 The precious helmet then *Pantaea* drew, 120
 And the rich breast-and-arm-plates to his view ;
 These with officious hand she fasten'd round,
 And his strong wrists with brilliant bracelets bound :
 This done, o'er all his limbs a purple vest,
 Ensign of regal dignity, she cast ; 125
 Then on his breast in am'rous anguish hung :—
 Amaz'd he saw, and silence ty'd his tongue ;
 For quite in secret had the cunning fair
 Design'd and measur'd all with nicest care :

At length---“ What has my jewel done to-day? *Endebu*
 “ Despoil'd herself to trick me out *Isagay* *her* *doiw* *130*
 “ Not so, *(Panthea said)* not so, my love; *isilq* *euoru* A
 “ For you my noblest ornament shall prove; *long* *or* *huA*
 “ While to *the world*, as to myself, you *shinb* *ilicud* *140*
 “ The brightest gem, that e'er enrich'd the mine.” *viex* *aiH*
 She strove her fears to hide, while thus she speaks, *135*
 Yet tears of love bedewed her beauteous cheeks on *huA*

The royal *Abradates*, ever bless'd
 With lib'ral aspect, far outshone the rest;
 And now made ready, with her praise well pleas'd,
 To ascend the chariot, and the reins he seiz'd; *140*
 When fair *Panthea* bade the rest retire,
 And thus bespake the lord of her desire;
 “ Since for a time we are ordain'd to part,
 “ Lord of my life, dear *sov'reign* of my heart! *lo* *ngik* *E*
 “ Tell me, to thy experience I appeal,
 “ What I for thee, did ever woman feel *and* *huA*
 “ For man before? But thus why need I press
 “ What all the actions of my life confess? *bus* *bingde*
 “ Yet

" Yet dear to ev'ry conscious thought within,
 " Dear as thou art, and evermore hast been, 150
 " Yet wou'd I chuse, with thee still honour'd, brave,
 " To reach the dreary mansions of the grave 150
 " Rather inhum'd alive, than share thy throne,
 " Thy state and bed, with fame and honour gone.
 " So have I truly judg'd myself and thee 155
 " Worthy of highest note and dignity !
 " Remember what we owe to *Cyrus* too,
 " Who, when a captive first I fear'd his view,
 " Sav'd me for thee, tho' for himself reserv'd,
 " Nor from the rules of strictest virtue swerv'd. 160
 " Remember too the promise made him since,
 " When first *Araspes* left this godlike prince,
 " That you with better faith shou'd wait his will,
 " Share all his fortunes and attend him still."

He heard with high delight, and on her head 165
 Impos'd his hand and thus with fervour pray'd;

" ALMIGHTY JOVE ! O grant me still to prove
 " A confort worthy of the fair I love,

“ Nor *Cyrus*’ friendship ever to forego,
“ Through whom, from thee, such virtuous honours
 flow !” I 70

Then mounts the splendid car with action light,
And in a moment was inclos’d from sight,
The chariot now, which all her wish conceal’d,
She kiss’d, and gently follow’d as it wheel’d : I 75
He turn’d and saw, — his words her grief renew,
“ Adieu, *Panthea*, sweetest love, adieu !” Remember me
Then, by her nymphs surrounded, she retir’d,
By all regretted, as by all admir’d.
For tho’ her gallant consort still was seen
Of noblest presence and engaging mien ; I 80
His vehicle tho’ glorious to behold ;
Himself attir’d in purple, gemis, and gold ;
Unheeded yet he pass’d while she was nigh,
Panthea’s charms attracted ev’ry eye.

The *Perian*, as he view’d the front of war, I 85
Now turn’d his steed, advancing to the car ;
Him he observ’d and with obsequious haste
Discended, whom the *Hero* thus address’d.

" Of all th' assistants that around me stand,
 " Heav'n has adjug'd you worthiest of command, 190
 " O Abradates; yet keep this in mind,
 " That Persia's dreaded sons march close behind; 195
 " The sons of Persia ever take their turns,
 " Their friends supporting, when the battle burns. 200

To whom the chief, " O prince, I see success 195
 " Our close-embody'd front portends no less ;
 " Of due support our flanks are most debarr'd 205
 " Which only chariots, thinly scatter'd, guard :
 " Hence, had you not assign'd to me this place,
 " The post of honour in the battle's face, 210
 " I should have blush'd to see myself secure,
 " While these the burthen of the fight endure. 215

" Illustrious chief, Cambyses' son reply'd, 220
 " Approv'd in council and in friendship try'd,
 " Those numerous squadrons, now that give thee pain, 225
 " Shall seek to charge our weaker flanks in vain ;
 " Or e'er a sword can strike, or jav'lin fall,
 " Thou shalt behold them turn'd and flying all. 230

" Be

" Be this thy signal then, whene'er thine eye
 " Shall, pleas'd, behold those numerous squadrons fly; 210
 " Then, then, and not till then, thy reins let go,
 " And pour impetuous on the frighted foe;
 " Meantime, e'er yet the low'ring fronts engage
 " And the hosts clash with undiscerning rage; 215
 " Exhort our friends with coward foes to cope,
 " Inspire with courage, and sustain with hope." 220

Sage was his judgment; for on either flank,
 Before the chariots, camels stood in rank,
 Noisome to horses, at whose fetid smell
 They rear'd and into strange disorder fell; 220
 Then quickly turning from th' offensive sight,
 Confus'd they fled and horrowing'd their flight,
 While breast of man and beast a panic feels,
 As the scyth'd chariots thunder at their heels. 225

This *Abradates* seeing, call'd aloud,
 " Follow your leader, to th' attending crowd,
 Which said, and plying hard the galling thong,
 With dire impetuosity among

The adverse host he drove: on either side
 His friends with equal pace their chariots guide. 230
 Th' *Affyrian* cars perceiv'd th' unequal fray,
 And, op'ning wide, wheel'd suddenly away:
 What durst abide the *Susian Hero* crush'd,
 Then furious on th' *Egyptian Phalanx* rush'd;
 As these, expert, in close *Battalia* stood, 235
 The din tremendous and the shock was rude;
 With clanging arms in heaps on heaps they fall;
 Unutterable tumult covers all:
 Here, as the wheels rose bounding o'er the dead,
 Thrown from his car th' illustrious Chieftain bled. 240
 As when the *Bird of Jove* with piercing eyes
 Some serpent from his tow'ring height espies,
 He darts upon the foe with rapid wing,
 And bears aloft--yet feels the pointed sting;
 Thus, as he conquers, panting beats the plain, 245
 And bleeding falls triumphant on the slain.

~~Heav'n, when he look'd on earth, so bruis'd blood-disp'ld~~

This conquest gain'd, his chiefs around him meet,
 And in high strains the *Persian Victor* greet:

“ But where is *Abradates*? Where my friend?”
 Nor, till he knows, his warm enquiries end: 250
 At length, in speech adapted to deplore; also various
 ’Twas answer’d, “ *Abradates* is no more;
 “ Glorious he dy’d; his melancholy queen
 “ Now sits upon the ground. (affecting scene!) 255
 “ Close to the cold and pallid corse, ’tis said,
 “ And on her knees supports the bloodless head.”

Great *Cyrus*, as he vents a mournful cry,
 With grief transported, smote upon his thigh; 260
 Then hastened to the spot, where on the ground
 The weeping fair and his dead friend he found:
 Oppressive griefs his tortur’d bosom fill’d,
 And from his eyes unceasing tears distill’d;
 These words at length he utter’d with a groan,
 “ Thou brave and faithful spirit! art thou flown? 265
 “ Why hast thou left us?” Then with pitying look
 The death-cold hand of *Abradates* took;—
 The hand, which erst was sever’d from its arm,
 Obsequious follow’d---and the loud alarm

Of lamentation from the fair-one broke,
 Who kissing first, replac'd the hand, and spoke, 270
 " Ah, much-lov'd hand ! not singly thus thou art !
 " Alike dishonour'd ev'ry graceful part !
 " And this, O virtuous *Cyrus*, was for thee ;
 " Nor less I deem, (unthinking wretch !) for me ;
 " Fool that I was ! Who spur'd him on to fame, 275
 " To shine the friend of *Cyrus* ; envy'd name !
 " Unblam'd he fell, (pursu'd the weeping fair)
 " While I, the cause, here breathe the vital air !"

The speech of *Cyrus* for a time was ty'd ;
 He wept in silence, and at length reply'd, 280
 " Glorious he fell, and on his favour'd head
 " Conquest and fame their purest lustre shed.
 " Rich presents shall his sepulchre adorn ;
 " Nor they, th' illustrious dead, such honours scorn ;
 " That sepulchre magnificent shall rise, 285
 " And victims bleed to grace his obsequies.
 " Nor you, in whom distinguish'd merits shine,
 " And modest charms with conscious worth combine,

" Shall

“ Shall unprotected live; so Jove defend our 10
 “ Our cause, and victory our arms attend! And gall'd 290
 “ Say but to whom, or whither, you retire,
 “ Our pow'r and wealth shall crown each known desire.”

“ Thanks! said *Pantaea*; *Cyrus* soon shall know 101
 “ To whom I hope, and chiefly wish, to go.”

The prince withdrew; and mourn'd the hapless fate 295
 Of such a wife, depriv'd of such a mate!
 Nor was he well aware to whom she meant,
 And chiefly wish'd with ardour, to be sent;
 For with the *ponyard* now she pierc'd her breast,
 And on her lord's lov'd bosom sunk to rest.

Rest ever happy, then, transcendent pair,
 Bravest of youths, and loveliest of the fair! 102
 While here your names a precious balm diffuse,
 Inwoven with the laurels of the Muse.

F I N I S.

Alas,

